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## FAME AND DUTY.

What shall I do, lest life in silence pass?  
And if it do,  
And never prompt the bray of noisy brass,  
What need'st thou rue?  
Remember, eye, the ocean-deeps are mute;  
The shallows roar;  
Worth is the ocean—fame is but the brut  
Along the shore.  
What shall I do to be forever known?  
"Thy duty ever."  
This did full many who yet slept unknown.  
O never, never!  
Think'st thou perchance that they remain un-  
When thou know'st not?  
By angel trumpets in heaven their praise is blown  
Divine their lot.  
What shall I do, an heir of endless life?  
Discharge aright  
The simple dues with which each day is rife,  
Yea, with thy might.  
Ere perfect scheme of action thou devise,  
Will life be fled.  
While he, who ever acts as conscience cries,  
Shall live, though dead.

## Maude's Elopement.

BY EVA EVERGREEN.

Maud Stanwood was eighteen, pretty and wilful—the two latter characteristics are very apt to go together in our modern specimens of femininity—and had been the radiating centre of numberless beaux ever since she could remember. But despite their sighs and protestations the little damsel's heart had remained obdurdly closed, until one memorable day—far more memorable, indeed, than she could have dreamed of then.

Six weeks before, D— society had been thrown into a great flutter by the appearance of a gentleman who made his *entree* into their very midst like a conquering hero, and was flattered, feted, and courted accordingly. Nothing was known concerning him, save what he chose to divulge himself, further than that he came from that charmed region, "the city," but his stylish attire, and general *distigue* air, was sufficient recommendation in the eyes of the young people, and indeed in many of the older ones, too.

He put up at the best hotel in the place, and initiated himself into public favor by at once joining the young men's "Literary and Debating Club," from whence he easily obtained introductions to all the young ladies of the place. From the first of their acquaintance, however, Mr. Reynolds manifested a strong and unmistakable *penchant* for Maud Stanwood, whose father was one of D—'s "solid men," and it wasn't long before she, flattered by his preference and the conquest she had gained over companions, found her heart becoming hopelessly involved.

One-half of her friends congratulated her upon the splendid conquest, and the other half, as was natural, was not a little jealous and ill-humored at the downfall of their hopes, but Maud was in a state of too blissful exaltation to mind that. There was one, however, who looked upon the matter with decided disapproval, and that was Maud's father.

At first he had taken no notice of the young man's attentions, or the consequent discussions his advent into the town had given rise to, but discovering at last that his addresses were becoming marked and significant, and that his name constituted the most frequent theme upon his daughters' lips, he felt it time to interfere. One afternoon, therefore, as Maud was about sallying forth for her accustomed walk, he called her into his study.

"I want to say a few words to you, Maud," he began, abruptly; "what do you know of this Mr. Reynolds, that the town is lionizing to such an extent?"

The question took Maud by surprise, and the color swept in a scarlet wave over her face and neck.

"Know?" she stammered; "why, as much as any one else does."

"Exactly, and that is—nothing," returned her father, with a slight curl of his lip; "nothing, except whatever remarkable or romantic tale he may choose to invent, and which is readily accepted by our credulous town people. But it doesn't satisfy me, Maud. I must have more satisfactory knowledge of the man's character and connections before I would consent to receive him as my son-in-law."

"Papa—papa!" protested Maud, her face aflame; "the idea of—"  
"That will do, Maud. You understand his intentions as well as I do, despite that assumption of pretty innocence; and I tell you frankly that, from my acquaintance with Mr. Reynolds, I am not at all favorably impressed with him. He is a thorough man of the world and they are not the kind to select country girls for their wives. I regret most keenly that you are without a mother to direct and advise you in this matter; but as it is you must be content to abide by my judgment. There are plenty of worthy men in this town without your taking up with one who may be a mere adventurer; so if Mr. Reynolds makes any

matrimonial proposals to you just refer him to me, and I will give him an answer that will settle him I guess. That is all I wish to say."

Maud arose and silently left the room; to give vent, however, to her indignation, as soon as she was fairly out of hearing.

"All! I should think it was enough—quite enough! It's very nice for papa to sit there and vilify the only man I ever cared for. Plenty of others—as if I'd give a rush for any of them! And he an adventurer! Adventurers don't wear such fine clothes, and have plenty of money to spend, and be so accomplished as he is. I didn't think father could be so unjust and cruel!" and having settled the matter entirely to her own satisfaction, Maud started on her walk—that walk which was to occasion such results.

Half way down the village was a pleasant lane running between some farm lands, shaded by trees on either side, whose projecting branches met overhead. It had been christened by the more romantic of the young people, "Love Lane;" and somehow Maud's footsteps had instinctively turned in that direction of late. She had just gained it this time, when she heard footsteps behind her, and as they drew nearer, she turned, with a conscious flush, to meet Mr. Reynolds.

For a moment, seized with a fit of sudden shyness, she would have hurried on; but, as if anticipating her purpose, he stepped forward and intercepted her.

"Don't run away, Miss Maud! Won't you permit me to share your stroll?" he said, with that easy, confident air, which seemed to substantiate his claim to being a person of importance.

"I don't know that I have any objections," Maud stammered, trying to laugh in order to hide her confusion.

"Thanks!"

He walked on by her side for a few moments in silence, then bent a significant look upon her.

"They tell me that this pleasant little ramble is called 'Love Lane,' Miss Stanwood."

"Yes, some of our young folks called it so in sport, and the name seems to cling to it."

"And it has decided the future destiny of many a couple, I dare say," pursued Mr. Reynolds.

"I don't know but it has," admitted Maud.

"Shall it decide ours?" her companion said, bending his head suddenly to look into her tell-tale face; "say, Maud, shall we date our happiness from this auspicious place?"

Maud trembled and turned partly away from him for a moment, her father's words of disapproval and admonition yet ringing in her ears. But what young, impulsive girl is willing to believe anything detrimental to the man who has captivated her youthful fancy?

"Will you not speak, Maud?" Reynolds urged. "Look into my face, darling, and see how I love you, and tell me that you will be mine!"

His arm stole around her waist, his other hand held hers fast. Maud's foolish little heart beat like a trip-hammer under the magnetism of his presence. Everything else was forgotten, and with a low whispered "yes," her head sank on his shoulder.

"My darling! I will see your father at once, and have all settled without delay."

Her father! That set Maud trembling again. She disengaged herself, quivering nervously.

"What is the matter?" Reynolds asked. "Is there any doubt of your father's consent?"

"Yes," she faltered.

"I will try him, at all events," replied her lover, "and if he objects, we must take the matter in our own hands. Will Maud be willing to do that?"

"I don't know what you mean," she answered, faintly.

"Would you be willing to go with me where we may make our own home and fortune, or must we be parted forever?" he asked, bending his face to hers.

Parted! The thought was torture to the infatuated girl, and she murmured "yes" again, feeling willing to endure anything rather than separation.

"That is my dear, faithful girl!" He bent to kiss the trembling lips. "Don't say anything to your father until I see him, and if he refuses, why, then we'll seek our happiness elsewhere."

He walked on half way to the house with her, and then bade her good-by, again enjoining secrecy, while Maud went on and into the house, all in a tremor with her guilty secret.

A fortnight passed. Every day her father's demeanor toward her seemed more constrained and suspicious. The subject was not again alluded to; but at the end of that time, Reynolds, meeting her in the village, slipped a note into her hand. Half an hour later, in the seclusion of her own room, she broke the seal, and read the few lines it contained:

"DEAR MAUDE:—I have seen your father, and there is no hope for us; and

as it is necessary for me to return at once to the city, you must go with me, or bid me farewell forever. If you will come, meet me to-night under the large chestnut tree near the old town road, at nine o'clock. If you love me, do not fail me."

In haste,  
"WALTER."

Maud read the note three times, and then raised her head, dashing the tears from her eyes.

"Yes, I will go, for I cannot give him up! Papa shall not stand between us!" and destroying the missive, she left the room and went down stairs, striving to hide her really heavy heart and conscience under an assumed cheerfulness.

She passed a sleepless night, her mind racked with conflicting emotions of self-accusation at the duplicity in which she was engaging, and vague apprehensions concerning the step before her. Everything seemed to favor her the next day, however; her father was away from home, and no restraint was put upon her actions. Toward afternoon, wearied out with the mental excitement of the past day and night, she threw herself into a chair, and fell into a troubled sleep.

But the decisive hour came all too soon; and stealing from her home like a guilty thing, she made her way to the rendezvous. A tall, muffled form awaited her, and leading her to where a carriage and horses were standing, he lifted her in, and they drove off.

On and on they went in silence and darkness. For awhile the novelty of the thing diverted her attention, and then her conscience arose with renewed strength and power to reproach her for the step she was taking, and held before her eyes the dreadful consequences. At first she crouched in one corner of the carriage, too utterly wretched to speak, while the whole of her previous life seemed to pass in review before her. The thought of her mother, dead so many years; of her father, who loved her so dearly, and who had so often called her his only blessing; of his grief and anguish when he should return to his home and find her gone; and lastly the man into whose hands she had entrusted her welfare, and who was a comparative stranger to her. What had she done? What would be the consequences of this step? what could they be but misery and wretchedness? These questions struck to her heart like the point of a knife; and at last, unable to endure it longer, she turned to her companion, who was almost indistinguishable in the darkness, and who had maintained the same persistent taciturnity.

"Take me back, Walter!" she exclaimed, brokenly. "I was foolish—wicked! Take me back!"

"It is too late now," was the answer, as the horses quickened their pace; "you have chosen your fate; you must accept it."

"But where are you bringing me?" she moaned, as the full horror of her position seemed to burst upon her; "oh, heaven! what shall I do?"

Her companion made no reply, but only urged the animals faster. Another dreadful silence ensued, a period during which Maud suffered such agony as she never thought possible. Those few words seemed to have stripped the mask from her enslaver, and shown her the true character of the man into whose power she had in her wilfulness and folly betrayed herself. At last the carriage stopped, her companion alighted, and then lifted her to the ground; and as the action seemed to give her new vigor, she broke from his arms with an anguished cry:

"Oh, father—father! save me! where am I?"

"Safe in your own home, my child! Thank heaven that such a haven yet remains to you!" answered her father's voice. With a startled cry, she opened her eyes, to find herself lying prone upon the floor, from which he had bent to raise her, and giving utterance to a faint moan, the overwrought and utterly astonished girl sank fainting into his arms.

When she recovered her senses, her father was seated beside the lounge on which he had placed her, chafing her brow and hands; and when she would have spoken he prevented her.

"Let me speak first, Maud; you are too weak. I discovered your intended elopement, and learned, also, that this Reynolds was worse than I ever deemed him, and that the officers of the law were already upon his track. I have just returned with the intelligence of his arrest; but had it been deferred until evening, I had intended to meet you in his stead, and save my misguided daughter from the fate she would have incurred."

"Then I have not—" faltered Maud, in wild bewilderment.

"You have not left the safe haven of your father's home, my child; God grant that you never may," replied Mr. Stanwood gravely; "I have been watching you all this week, and marking every movement, and this afternoon as I heard the welcome news that the man who would have wrought your ruin was in the custody of the law,

I hastened home, just as you cried out in your sleep, and springing from your chair, fell to the floor. You may tell me now, if you choose, what it was, but thank God it was only a dream, and not the fearful reality!"

For a moment shame sealed Maud's lips; then with a burst of tears of mingled repentance for the folly, and gratitude for her deliverance from the fate which she could now realize so vividly, she confessed the whole.

"Then your heart was not wholly alienated from the father who would lay down his life, if need be, for your sake?" Mr. Stanwood said, as she finished, and he folded her sadly and tenderly into his arms; "he never asked my consent, Maud; and let this be a lesson to you, that any one who would counsel you to leave your home under such circumstances, would have no end in view but your destruction. Thank heaven for your deliverance, my child, and let it be a warning that you will never forget."

They talked together much longer, while Maud besought the forgiveness that was freely granted. Three years later she became the happy wife of a good man, sanctioned by her father's smile and blessing, and she never ceased to look back with gratitude upon that day when she was so mercifully spared the wretchedness and woe which could have been the only results of her projected elopement.

## One Void.

Perhaps there is no stronger tendency of the human heart than to have one supreme object of our affections; and the folly of having the flowers of human hope rooted in earthly evils is apparent when cruel frosts destroy them. A mother, among her interesting family, seemed to cling with devotion to her eldest child, a young lady whose amiability and intellectual gifts charmed every one. But, like a heavenly exotic, the rude blast of earth called her—she faded and died. The shock was too much for the worshiping mother, and life became a blank to her. In vain she tried to arouse herself to the duty she owed to her promising children still around her, a settled melancholy clouded the sunny sky of domestic interest. How touching is the sight when those who possess so many blessings, and with loving duties awaiting them, sit with listless hands and heavy hearts, famishing in a land of plenty! We often see faces lined with care, whose surroundings seem so prosperous and rose colored that we find ourselves wondering what hidden, fatal grief is cherished in the heart. One void alone causes more unhappiness than do those awful calamities from which we shrink. Do not most natures become worn and wearied by regrets and disappointments more than from heavy grief and misfortune? Indeed, it requires more real heroism to become resigned to part with one idol than to sacrifice necessary good. One object alone is worthy to claim our supreme love, and that is our maker; then it is we find his ready hand supplies our needs even before we ourselves realize them.

## A Batch Of Whys.

Why are ambassadors the most perfect people in the world? Because they are all excellencies.

Why is sympathy like blind man's buff? It is a fellow feeling for a fellow creature.

Why is the sun like a good loaf? Because its light when it rises.

Why is a crow a brave bird? Because it never shows the white feather.

Why is a sawyer like a lawyer? Because whichever way he goes, down comes the dust.

Why are washerwomen silly people? Because they put out their tubs to catch soft water when it rains hard.

Why is a man who doesn't lose his temper like a schoolmaster? Because he keeps cool (keeps school.)

Why are mountaineers like invalids? Because they look peakish.

Why are umbrellas like pancakes? Because they are seldom seen after Lent.

Why is a drunkard hesitating to sign the pledge like a skeptical Hindoo? Because he doubts whether to give up the worship of Jug or Not.

Why cannot two slender persons ever become great friends? Because they will always be slight acquaintances.

## After Breakfast.

There is no period at which the feeling of leisure is a more delightful one than after breakfast on a summer morning in the country. It is a slavish and painful thing to know that instantly you rise from the breakfast table you must take to your work. In that state your mind will be fretting and worrying away all the time the hurried meals lasts. It is delightful to breakfast leisurely; then go out and saunter in the garden; walk down to the water and give the dogs a swim; sketch out a kite, to be completed in the evening; to stick up a new colored picture in the nursery, and to do this and more with the sense that there is no neglect—that you can easily overtake your day's work.—*Tring.*

The public library of Boston now contains 314,265 volumes.

## The Blackfeet Indians.

The Blackfeet, taken as a body, are still the most numerous and powerful of the nations that live wholly or partly in British North America. In person they have developed an unusual degree of beauty and symmetry. Though of less stature than many other Indians, they are still tall and well made. Their faces are very intelligent, the nose aquiline, the eyes clear and brilliant—the cheek-bones less prominent and the lips thinner than usual among other tribes. The dress of the men differs little from the ordinary costume of the Indian of the plains, except in being generally cleaner and in better preservation. The Blacks dress more neatly and are finer and bolder-looking men than the Blackfeet, who in turn surpass the Peagins in these respects. The Blacks are said to have among them many comparatively fair men, with gray eyes, and hair both finer and lighter colored than usual in the case of pure Indians. This tribe is supposed to bear its savage name, not from any particular cruelty of disposition, but because, unlike the other tribes, its warriors do not steal horses, but only seek for the blood of their enemies, whom they generally overcome, for they are among all the bravest of all the natives. The faces of both Blackfeet men and women are generally highly painted with vermilion, which seems to be the national color. The dress of the latter is very singular and striking, consisting of long gowns, of buffalo-skins, pressed beautifully soft, and dyed with yellow ochre. This is confined at the waist by a broad belt of the same material, thickly studded over with round brass plates, the size of a silver half-dollar piece, brightly polished. The Blackfeet, however, in common with other Indians, are rapidly adopting blankets and capotes, and giving up the beautifully painted robes of their forefathers. The ornamental robes that are now made are inferior in workmanship to those of the days gone by.

The mental characteristics of the Blackfeet resemble closely those of Indians everywhere. Similar circumstances give shape and force to thoughts and emotions in all. Intellectual vigor is manifested in shrewdness of observation, and strong powers of perception, imagination, and eloquence. They are quick of apprehension, cunning, noble-minded, and firm of character, yet cautious in manner, and with a certain expression of pride and reserve. They are strong and active, and naturally averse to an indolent habit. Their activity, however, is rather manifested in war and the chase than in useful labor. Pastoral, agricultural, and mechanical labor they despise, as forming a sort of degrading slavery. In this they are as proud as the citizens of the old republics whose business was war. Their labors are laid upon the women, who also are, upon occasion, the beasts of burden upon their marches; for the egotism of the red man, like that of his white brother, makes him regard woman as his inferior, and a predestined servant to minister to his comfort and pleasure. The Blackfeet have, moreover, both a local attachment and a strong patriotic or national feeling, in which respect they differ favorably from all other tribes. In their public councils and debate they exhibit a genuine, oratorical power, and a keenness and closeness of reasoning quite remarkable. Eloquence in public speaking is a gift which they earnestly cultivate, and the chiefs prepare themselves by previous reflection and arrangement of topics and methods of expression. Their scope of thought is as boundless as the air and over which they roam, and their speech the echo of the beauty that lies spread around them. Their expressions are as free and lofty as those of any civilized man, and they speak the voices of the things of earth and air amid which their wild life is cast. Their language being too limited to afford a wealth of diction, they make up in ideas, in the shape of metaphor furnished by all nature around them, and read from the great book which day, night, the desert, unfold to them.—*Appleton's Journal.*

## Common Sense.

The very basis of good taste is formed by common sense. It teaches a man, in the first place, that more than two elbows are highly inconvenient in the world; and, in the second, that the fewer people you jostle on the road of life the greater your chance of success among men or women. It is not necessary that the common-sense man need be an unimaginative man; but it is necessary that his imagination should be well regulated. Good taste springs from good sense, because the latter enables him to understand, at all times, precisely where he is, and what he ought to do under the circumstances of his situation. Good taste is a just appreciation of the relationship and probable effects of ordinary, as well as extraordinary, things; and no man can have it unless he is in the habit of considering his own position, and planning his own actions with coolness and accuracy.

## NEWS IN BRIEF.

The Western Penitentiary at Pittsburg, Pa., turns out 1,000 pairs of shoes daily.

Most of the new churches in London are adapted to hold from 1,800, to 2,000 people.

The new Rusk county, Texas penitentiary will cost the large sum of \$160,000.

The Barataria canal cost \$6,000,000, and will make New Orleans a "new Byzantium."

The United States in 1830, contained 12,700,000 inhabitants, of which 1,950,000 were slaves.

There are found to be nearly twenty thousand Freedmen's Bank depositors with balances of \$5 or less.

Mayor Schroeder proposes to buy up all the fireworks in Brooklyn and have them exploded on waste land.

A sturgeon thirteen feet long and weighing five hundred pounds, was caught off Newburgh recently.

Spain has seventeen Admirals, and if all are to be provided for, the Cuban war bonanza must last till 1900.

Smithfield is mentioned as a market for cattle as early as 1750. It was last used for this purpose on June 11, 1855.

The coasts of England and Wales are officially said to be about 2,000 miles in extent; Scotland, 1,100, and Ireland, 1,300.

The Arkansas Industrial University can accommodate 800 students. It is said to be the largest and most elegant structure in the State.

A woman at Elizabeth, N. J., has 5,000 recipes for making horse liniments and salves, and yet she never owned even a clothes-horse.

Two women have been appointed photographers to the Supreme Court of Maine, and are highly commended by both bench and bar.

The New Hampshire State Prison contains 160 convicts, and the earnings of the year just closed exceed the expenditures by over \$8,000.

Boys are engaged by farmers in the northern and western portions of the State of New York to pick potato bugs at five cents a hundred.

Mrs. Cox, of Holderness, N. H., 101 years old on the 25th ult., is now enjoying for the first time in her life, the delight of whooping cough.

It is estimated that twenty millions of Presbyterians will be represented at the grand Presbyterian alliance which meets shortly in Edinburgh.

In the year 1603, 36,269 of the inhabitants of London died of the plague, and in 1675, 78,596 deaths were recorded, 7,165 dying in less than one week.

The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher has given a gold watch to the agent of the Boston Lecture Bureau who traveled 30,000 miles with him in the West during his recent tour.

Twenty-eight Chinese boys are on their way to English and French naval colleges. Japanese example has evidently told even upon Chinese anti-European feeling.

At Beecher's Peekskill farm last year his onions cost \$1.50 per bushel; beef, 50 cents per pound; oats \$2 per bushel; butter \$1.25 per pound, and eggs 75 cents per dozen.

The most thrifty husband on record lives in New Hampshire. Within eight months he has buried three wives, the last being but seventeen years of age. He is again ready for the altar.

The model town in the State of New York is Alfred. It has 2,000 inhabitants, has never had a single glass of liquor sold within its limits, and never a pauper to support.

A twenty-four pound turtle recently captured near Norfolk Conn., was strong enough to move about from place to place while bearing upon its back a man weighing 200 pounds.

Among the curiosities of the Columbia, N. Y., College library are the old arm chair in which Governor De Witt Clinton died, and the arm chair in which Benjamin Franklin was wont to sit.

Three women living near Cisco, Ill., have between them given birth to ten children within the last six weeks. There was a trio of girls, and a quartette of boys but the sex of the other trio is unknown.

The St. John (N. B.) Daily Telegraph was issued on the morning after the fire in a single sheet about a foot square with two small advertisements and a description of the disaster which had overtaken the city.

The Hallowell (Me.) Granite Company have almost finished the statue of the Goddess of Liberty which is to surmount the Pilgrim's monument at Plymouth. The figure is forty-five feet high, and the stone from which one arm was cut weighed sixty tons.

Miss Jenny North is to be valedictorian of her class at the coming commencement of Bates College, Maine. She is the youngest member of the class, and is reported to be the first woman who has been graduated with the highest honors by any New England college admitting women.

Mr. Motley received from the Harpers, as copyright, the comfortable sum of \$60,000, while Professor Charles Anthon got upon his writing \$100,000. The firm paid to Mr. Jacob Abbott \$50,000; to the late Albert Barnes \$75,000, and to Marcus Wilson, the author of her series of school readers, about \$200,000.

The canal around Mussel Shoals, in the Tennessee river, will be fourteen and a half miles long. Something less than a million of dollars, in addition to the amount already expended, will be necessary to complete the work. The locks will be large enough to accommodate a first-class Mississippi river steamer.